

The famous American opticians, Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridge, Mass., have nearly completed the lens for the great telescope ordered by the Russian Government for the observatory at Pulkova, the grinding of the glass having now been in progress for a year. The telescope will be forty-five feet long, and the object glass is thirty inches in diameter. Equipped with this instrument, the eminent astronomer at Pulkova can view the heavens through the greatest refracting telescope in existence. This glory will probably be short-lived, however, as the trustees of James Lick's estate in California will doubtless succeed in carrying out the great philanthropist's instructions to build a telescope surpassing all others in power—that is, they will succeed so far, at least, as power may depend upon size.

The most northern place in the world where rye and oats mature is found in the Swedish province of Norrbotten, at Kengås, 49 miles north of the Arctic Circle, while the northernmost limit of cultivation is at Muniovara, 98 miles north of the Circle.

Prof. Tromholt, a Norwegian investigator, has been studying the aurora borealis, and has obtained records from fifty telegraphic stations of Norway and Sweden which show that scarcely a day passes without some disturbance on the lines due to terrestrial magnetism. He is urging the establishing of an institution in Norway specially fitted up for observing auroras and other phenomena of the earth currents.

A new thermometer devised by M. Michelson, has proven so sensitive in its experimental form that the inventor hopes to be able to measure the thousandth of a degree Centigrade with it.

The heaviest rainfall is stated by Prof. Loomis to be found in the rain belt which surrounds nearly the whole globe lying between the northeast and southeast trade winds. From records collected of rainfall at sea, Mr. W. J. Black has estimated the rates per annum for this belt. The fall for the Atlantic Ocean is calculated at 133.37 inches a year; for the Indian Ocean, 80.55 inches a year; and for the Austral-Asian seas, 107.06 inches a year. No calculation has been made for the Pacific, on account of the lack of records from that ocean.

It is generally supposed that flies adhere to ceilings and perpendicular walls by virtue of some sucking property of the feet. In a communication to the Berlin Society of Natural History, Herr Dewitz presents some facts which seem to disprove the theory and make it appear probable that this power is due rather to a sticky matter which may be seen under the microscope to exude from a fly's feet when walking with its body downward.

The cultivation of tea has been tried in New Zealand, and the experiment is reported very successful in its results.

M. Carro estimates that meat may be frozen sufficiently to destroy any trichinae it may contain at a cost of less than a tenth of a cent per pound. He has strongly urged to the French Academy the importance of this system as a safeguard against trichinosis.

It is estimated that forests still cover twenty-nine percent of Europe and forty percent of the vast territory of Russia. Russia's timber includes two hundred million acres of pine.

The membership roll of the American Association for the Advancement of Science embraces a total of 1630 names, according to the latest report of its Secretary. Death has removed 334 members.

In a paper on the longevity of Romans in North Africa, read at a recent meeting of the London Anthropological Society by Lord Talbot de Malahide, several instances were given of inscriptions on tombs of persons whose age had exceeded 100 years—in some cases an age of 120, 130 and even 140 years having been reached.

Herr Gruber has been studying the sense of hearing in insects. He finds cockroaches, beetles and certain aquatic insects to be very sensitive to sounds, while grubs, ants and various water larvae appear to be unaffected. The response made by the insects affected by sound Herr Gruber considers an indication of true hearing.

Mr. J. G. Jackson, of Hockessin, Del., has observed what he believes to have been a mist or cloud on the moon. He has been able to see the appearance only on one particular evening of each lunation—when the moon was about thirty hours old. He thinks this mist is formed at a particular point during every lunar night, and is dispelled soon after the sun rises on that part of the moon's surface.

A queen bee, in the height of the season, from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs in twenty-four hours.

Recently Capt. Burton, the traveller, reported that almost illegitimate gold was obtained on the Gold Coast, Africa, a district which has been auriferous for centuries. He says the region is equal to half a dozen Californias. In this he is supported by the English Commander Cameron, who investigated the Gold Coast in his company. Gold is found in the sea sand, in the dust of the roads, and in the mud walls of native huts. A subject of much importance has of course been widely discussed by experts in England, and by the time large numbers of prospectors are doubtless verifying matters on the spot. Notwithstanding all the difficulties that would confront gold miners in Africa—the insalubrious climate, the savage inhabitants, the hostility of the native rulers, and other obstacles equally as great—there is no doubt that a great gold deposit exists there all these difficulties will be overcome, and that white men and the capital and energy of civilization will flow thither to confront those of nature and barbarism.

Some women don't know when they are well off. An old chap from the West, worth a cool \$100,000, had to ask five St. Louis chambermaids to marry him before he found one to consent.

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THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

By H. L. KING.

In many a village window burns
The evening lamp;
They shine amid the dews and damps,
Those lights of home.

After the wanderer sees them glow,
Now light is seen;
They glaze his path with radiance clear,
Sweet lights of home.

Ye lonely hearts that forever dwell
In stranger lands;
In weary hearts or crowded mart;
O lights of home.

When my brief day of life is o'er,
You may not see
Shine from the heavenly house for me
Those lights of home.

HE HAD A HEART.

"As heartless as a Jew" is an expression that long since passed into a proverb, but why "as heartless as a Jew" would probably puzzle the inventor of the expression were he now living.

It is a survival only shows that we have not, even in the Nineteenth Century, outgrown the blind and unreasoning prejudices of the Middle Ages.

The story of Abraham Levi, dealer in second-hand clothing and purveyor of cast-off trifles, is a notable example showing that the much-abused Israelite has a heart.

This place of business is a tumble-down old house in Webster avenue, in the smoky city of Pittsburgh. The exterior of his shop and dwelling reminds one of the tenements of the Five Points, while the interior presents a veritable curiosity shop, filled with every imaginable second-hand article, as though a whole colony of enthusiastic Mrs. Toodles had consolidated their auction treasures for the purpose of giving a grand exhibition.

Overcoats and dress coats in various stages of dilapidation, broken-winded pianos and melodions, torn music and broken-backed books, door-plates and book-shelves, and every imaginable odd and end of domestic or personal appointment are to be found piled up on boxes, shelves and in dusty corners.

Every day Mr. Levi sallies forth with a dirty black and green plaid coat under his arm, and comes back laden with a miscellaneous collection of books, broken crockery, dilapidated hats, old boots, and all manner of cast-off articles to add to his collection, and meet the wants of his customers who live on the "hill."

Mr. James Harbison was one of the iron kings of the Smoky City, a widower with three daughters, and a million in solid cash.

Emma Harbison was not a favorite with her brother Arthur and her sister Samantha. She had been her mother's favorite, but her father never exhibited much partiality for her. She was as reserved and shy as her brother and sister were forward and boisterous.

Mr. Harbison had removed to Pittsburgh from the interior of the State upon the death of his wife, while his children were yet small, and Emma, as she grew up, still kept the ways of her early childhood, which gave mortal offense to her fashionable brother and sister.

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At length Mr. Harbison died, and was buried, and the will, which he had taken good care to make, was admitted to probate. It was short and to the point:

"I, Emma Harbison, I bequeath the whole of that which I own, with the trinkets it contains, to my dear daughter, Emma Harbison. I bequeath all the remainder of my estate, including stocks, bonds, real estate and property of whatever kind, to my daughter, Emma Harbison."

The friends of the family were astounded at the provisions of the will, and were still more astounded when Arthur and Samantha were openly proclaimed as Emma's heirs, and that Emma was not their sister at all, but a pauper whom their father had adopted out of charity.

And as such they treated her and made her the household drudge. For months she acted the part of a servant almost uncomplainingly, and then she was discharged from service and turned out upon the world, her only earthly possessions being a little bundle of clothes, her mother's work box, and ten dollars, her earnings during six months of slavery.

She went forth fully resolved to maintain herself by her labor, but misfortune still followed her. Being frail and delicate she found it impossible to keep her place as a house servant and she could get no other employment.

At length her last penny was gone, and starvation stared her in the face. Hunger at last drove her to the shop of Abraham Levi. She must part with her mother's work-box for bread!

"Mr. Levi," she said, I am in great need, and am compelled to part with this box for a little ready money."

Mr. Levi looked at it critically, and inquired: "What you ask for it?"

"I could put no valuation on it, as it is priceless to me. Let me have five dollars on it, and I will redeem it in the future."

"Oh! Mein Gott! five dollars! Vy, it would bankrupt me if I give you a dollar. I not care to take him at dat."

In vain did Emma Harbison plead the sacredness of the keepsake. Mr. Levi was inflexible, and at last she parted with her inestimable treasure, receiving a single dollar in exchange. But this pittance only kept off starvation for a day or two, and at last she was picked up one night by the police, wandering in the streets, and taken before an alderman.

She told her pitiful story to the magistrate, and her brother and sister were sent for. They came and disowned her, and declared her an impostor; and she was consigned to the House of Refuge, which was then the worst place for a poor girl.

A legislative committee, years ago, brought to light the horrible practices that had been carried on for years. How delicate girls were horse-whipped, and tied up by the thumbs, and subjected to every conceivable torture at the caprice of the officials. Poor Emma, so gentle and uncomplaining, came in for a share of the punishment, and her recital before the committee made strong men weep in very indignation.

A wealthy lady, hearing of the story of the poor girl's wrongs, adopted her and gave her a home full of every comfort, and her young life became joyous once more.

But how faded it with the unnatural brother and sister! For a while they led the fashionable portion of society, and lived magnificently. They outstripped all in the magnificence of their entertainments and splendor of their equipages.

Arthur prided himself on his financial sagacity, and invested his and his sister's

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

By R. M. RUM.

"Howard," in the Philadelphia Times, says: Men are not prone to heed lessons, are they? If we were, there wouldn't be so many fellows trying to drink themselves into eternity. I found in the death notices the names of three men, each of whom was dear to me. One of them used to live in Boston, then in Washington, of late in New York. He died in a lunatic asylum.

Why?
Rum.
By rum I mean strong drink. We use it as a generic term for all liquors. This friend was 41 when he died. He was an inventor, a pusher, a driving energetic man of business, and he had two inventions, each of which would have made him a very rich man. I went to his hotel one day about six months ago to look at one of his schemes. (I won't tell you what it was, because you'd recognize the man.) I was in his room with three other men, perhaps two hours. In that time he ordered two "small bottles," five brandy and sodas, one ginger ale and a Vermont cocktail. In addition he had a private bottle of whiskey for him and now and then took a drink. We all took an occasional pull, but the above list was his portion. I remarked it and asked him if he was not afraid it would give him a headache, for this was early in the day, from 11 to 1. He laughed and said he had a headache in his life, and a head that never ached. I looked at him and saw that he was drunk. He was never drunk, hardly ever fuddled, but suddenly, about two months ago, something gave way, crack! bang! and his never-aching head was gone. He was crazy as a loon. With difficulty he was taken to an asylum, where he degenerated into a hopeless idiot, sank quickly, and was buried yesterday.

Exceptional case?
Well, yes, in that he had a superb constitution, a bright, quick wit, and a head that never ached. Also in that he died a lunatic. But it is not exceptional in the habit of continuous drink. Very few people stop to think of it. Go into a popular restaurant. It's "Hello! what'll you take?" all the time. For the fun of the thing, I stood in the Astor House round at noon to-day and counted the number of times I was asked to drink in less than half an hour. Among my hosts were several newspaper men, two State senators, a first-rate actor, an alderman, two proprietors and the manager of the house, an insurance agent, my brother and sister, and a crowd of other people. Did I accept? I guess not. Fortunately I have a head that aches. Experience has taught me that a violation of nature's laws incurs a speedy punishment. Ache? Well, from the back of my head to the crown of my skull and along the bumps of benevolence I ache with a perfect ache. I can stand a moderate quantum of dissipation, but long ago came to the conclusion that I was ordained to virtue and temperance. No, I didn't accept, but it struck my thought that I had a head that aches. I don't want a drink, some had two, and a number had several. There was no confusion, no rudeness, no drunkenness, nothing to strike the eye of a casual looker-on, but I tell you the way the fiery stuff was gulped down was a caution to the copper-bottomed stomach which had to take and digest it. Please don't regard me as a moralist. It's none of my business. Every fellow has a right to do what he pleases with his own stomach. I can't drink because it makes my head ache. My friend could drink because his head never ached. He died in a lunatic asylum, and I'm telling about it. That's where I come in—see!—Now, you know these drinkers are not the fellows who heat their wives or starve their children. They are respectable chaps. The workers of their day and generation. Go it right. Go it. Count on me for an obituary.

THE FIRST STOVE-PIPE HAT.—Yes, son, you are correct. The first time you wear a stove-pipe hat, everybody looks at you. Not, as you vainly imagine, because you are the first young man who ever wore a stove-pipe hat, but because it is apparent, to the old blind man who sits in the back pew without any cushion, away back under the gallery where the poor have the gospel preached to them, that it is the first time you ever wore a hat of that description. Your old father claps one on the back of his head, puts his hands into his pockets, holds up his head and walks down the street in a gale of wind and never thinks of his hat. But you, son, you pull yours on at the most graceful angle it can be poised, and you peer along, both hands ready to fly at the hat at the slightest provocation or the ghostly phantom of a puff of wind. You don't look comfortable, son. Your hat is always trying to come off; you rub it against everything you pass; you bump it the wrong way when you try to brush the dust off it; when you carry it in your hand up the aisle, everybody smiles, because you first hold it by the brim and let the crown tip gracefully over your arm. By the time you have hit three or four worshippers in the head with it, you change and turn it under your arm and try to carry it that way without touching it, and put a woman's eye out with your elbow. Then, when you sit down, you put the hat down, setting it on the brim—a fatal mistake. And then, before the sermon is half through, you put your foot on it three times. But never mind you have to learn sometime; only don't imagine that people never saw anything of the sort before, because they have. And finally, son, if you are only five feet three inches high, don't think a hat three feet five inches high improves your appearance or makes you look any taller, because it doesn't. It makes you look as though you clerked in a second hand clothing store, but it doesn't make you look taller. By and by, when you have worn a high hat two or three years, you will wear it so naturally that it will become you. But the first time—oh, my son, my son!

TO MATCH HIS VOICE.—A young gentleman of Austin, the lackadaisical Oscar Wilde type of idiot, hung to a sunflower, went into an Austin avenue restaurant one day last week to get some breakfast, and by the way, he has the appetite of a Missouri journalist on an excursion and is gifted with the digestive organs of a boomerang. "How do you want your eggs boiled?" asked the waiter. "I want them soft." "How soft?" "Very soft. I want them to match my voice."—Texas Sittings.

THE FASHION OF TRACING THE VEINS WITH BLUE PASTE is gaining favor in London.

ARCHITECTURE IN BOSTON.

By R. M. RUM.

Architects are responsible for the churches on the Back Bay lands of Boston. An architect built the one with the foolish frieze of sculpture encircling the lofty, awkward tower and wholly unintelligible from below. Costly sculpture, ugly and unintelligible it is true, but not for all that, and by Bartholdi, a man whose works seem by some fatality to have been unloaded upon this bedeviled land, as if we had not sculptors enough of our own quite capable of work as bad! And this sculpture is put, as I say, at the top of a lofty tower where no human eye, unless armed with spy glasses, can make it out—a proceeding not easily reconciled with one's notions of Boston, where, if anywhere in the country, the laws of aesthetics and the limitations of the art are supposed to be understood, at least, if not spiritually discerned. And another architect built the church in that Back Bay quarter, dedicated, we suppose, to some female saint, since it has for emblem on the top the completest Saratoga trunk—to what end, unless an emblem, no mortal could ever tell me nor I by my unaided wit discover. An architect also built the Art Museum, so finikin fine, with its heads of great men looking out of port-holes in the most shipwrecked fashion; a senseless treatment, although borrowed from that overdone Pagan Centosa, where it was first seen. The last, in this extraneous, ostentatious manner. This particular extravagance—medals run mad, as it were—seems to have taken hold of the fancy of certain of our architects. We find it repeated again in the Sanders Theater, at Cambridge, and in the Historical Society's building in Brooklyn, where that good sculptor, Mr. Olin L. Warner, has been called on to design the heads of the shipwrecked personages. If I cannot like the outside of a Boston Museum, it is the inside alone that vexes me. Wholly pleasant are the contents and the management every way creditable to Boston; a museum of art, with, actually, the collection of art material its chief object and a generous courtesy presiding over its management. But Boston has been as unfortunate in her architects as New York, though in quite another and, it may be thought, in a more creditable way. The Museum of Fine Arts and the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, for instance, are examples of what comes of buildings getting into the hands of literary, critical men, and of states, with pleasant are the contents and the management every way creditable to Boston; a museum of art, with, actually, the collection of art material its chief object and a generous courtesy presiding over its management. But Boston has been as unfortunate in her architects as New York, though in quite another and, it may be thought, in a more creditable way. 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CANDIDATES AND PARTIES.

The quality of candidates is, to a certain extent, a test, either of the good judgment or sound principles of a party. The claim is set up that the other organizations are more worthy the support of the public than is the Republican party. The reasons assigned are that the independent candidates are a higher grade of political morality, while the Democrats present better candidates. Both statements are erroneous. To a certain extent, candidates represent parties. As a stream never rises higher than its source, so parties rarely supply candidates better than themselves. Tried by this test, how do the parties stand? The leading candidates who represent their parties are Beaver, Pattison and Stewart. Of these, tested by either an intellectual or moral standard, we hold that General Beaver stands easily at the head. In experience and years he is ahead of either. Mr. Pattison has been at the head of a routine office, which his politics would prompt him to administer rigidly, in opposition to those of different political faith. He has shown no qualities that serve to prove him fit for the governorship of this great State. The older and more experienced of his own party do not regard his capacity or experience as fitting him for the office to which he aspires. He was nominated because the young element of his party desired recognition, and he was for them the most available candidate. This is all there is in his case.

The independent candidate, Mr. Stewart, is a young man, resident in a country region, and who has made a moderate record as a member of the State Senate. He served through the war, but gained no special distinction. There is nothing in his past life that indicates him a man of special intellectual power. As regards political consistency, which sometimes rank as moral element, his record is not clear. He was a very tender promoter of the contest against Oliver for the senatorship, but could not be induced to follow the movement to its logical limit by supporting Wolfe. In the contest last year he gave Wolfe no active support. In the present canvass he supported Beaver until a prospect seemed up for himself. Then he broke away from Beaver and became an independent. Wolfe was with difficulty induced to support him or even consent to his nomination. He knew his man. Eventually he was lured over by the promise of senatorial support, where a United States senator comes up for election. This is the standard candidate set up by the independents. Were a trader in politics like Stewart on a regular ticket the State would be filled with cries of disapproval. But he is no better as an independent than he would as a Republican. Tried by this standard, he is not up to the mark. His party does not make good the deficiencies of the man.

General Beaver, on the other hand, has made a national reputation. His military career commended the highest praise from General Hancock. Wounded time after time he came back as soon as able to face his country's enemies. Distinguished for his power of discipline, he was as worthy of honor for his heroic valor on the field of battle. He wears honors honestly gained, and scars honorably received. In civil life he is equally distinguished. As a lawyer he has acquired important cases before the highest courts of the State. In politics he has delivered speeches that have produced profound impressions and left an influence long remembered. He has been and is a consistent man in all his professions of morality and Christianity. His experience in public life has given him a grasp of the duties that pertain to the office of Governor. He is far better fitted, intellectually and by experience, as well as morally, than all his competitors. And this is the test. All impartial journals and people so admit. The criticism against him pertain to other parties. They do not affect him. He is beyond reproach. Hence the proper course for all true men, whether Republicans or Democrats, is to vote for the best man. We do not hesitate to say that this is General Beaver. And in this they will vote for the regular Republican party, which has made a record which will live in all the future in the history of the country.—Philadelphia News.

—Elizabeth S. Som, a married lady, residing in Holmesburg, has brought suit in Court of Common Pleas, No. 4, against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to recover damages for personal injuries received at Torresdale about a year ago. Mrs. Som had gone on a visit to Torresdale, and after having alighted from the cars at that station, she was about to cross the track when she was struck by a train, coming south, and was severely, if not permanently injured about the head. She charges negligence upon the company, claiming that they had no right to run the south-bound train up to the station until the other train had left it.

—Dr. Bliss has written to the Board of Audit a letter relative to his claim for services during the illness of President Garfield. He stated that his receipts from his practice previous to the date of his being summoned to the President's bedside averaged \$1,500 a month, and that his practice was largely broken up by his attendance at the White House. He considers that he is legitimately entitled to \$25,000, and fixes his fee at that sum.

—Wilkie Collins is paying the penalty so many writers have incurred for trespassing upon the capacity of that most useful but delicate and sensitive, and at the same time most abused, organ of the whole human anatomy—the eye. His sight is failing and he can no longer read or write. He is dependent upon an amanuensis.

—A copy of What Women Should Know, from the Fireside Publishing Co., 20 North Seventh street, Philadelphia, is upon our table. The volume contains a deal of information that will make women wiser by knowing, and is well bound by Henry Altman, one of Philadelphia's best binders. The book is sold by subscription only, and agents are wanted.

INTERESTING TO TENANTS.—The courts at one time were disposed to construe the law as between tenants and owners in favor of the latter, but recently their decisions have been much more liberal to the tenant. Once it was understood that whatever improvement was added to a property by a tenant could not be removed. There has been a decided modification of decisions on this subject of late. As a general rule, whatever a tenant puts into a dwelling or erects on the premises for his own comfort, without the intention to permanently annex it he may remove at any time before the expiration of his lease. This would include such things as cupboards, shelves, coal bins, and even a stairway has been held to be within the rule. All trade fixtures and temporary structures, whether frame or brick, and without regard to their size may be taken down and carried off by the tenant who erected them. Even a dwelling house is not a part of the realty if the right to remove it is reserved. All the landlord can legitimately demand is to have the property restored to his possession in as good condition as it was received by the tenant, ordinary wear and tear excepted. Whatever the tenant puts in of a movable nature he may take away, but his carpenter work must not injure or permanently alter the property. All these decisions count that these removals must be made before the expiration of the lease. All that is on the land after the lease has expired reverts to the landlord.

—Lizzie Hammond, a chambermaid in a San Francisco Hotel, being detected in a fourth-story room where she had no business to be, attempted to avoid exposure by climbing out of the window and sliding to the ground by means of a fireman's wire that passed by within reach. Before she had descended many yards her wire burnt her hands as though it was red hot, and she was compelled to let go. In falling her body doubled back and forth between two parallel walls. This lessened the momentum of her descent, which was still further diminished by striking on a telephone wire. She thus escaped being killed by the fall, but the physicians found that her neck was dislocated as it would have been by hanging. They chloroformed her, set her neck back in its proper place, and now have hopes that her youth and strong constitution may carry her through.

—The steamer Coptic, which arrived at San Francisco on Monday from China and Japan, confirms the reports of the insurrection in the capital of Corea on the 23d of July. All the Japanese in the city, including several members of the Japanese Legation, are believed to have been killed. The Japanese envoy and consul escaped to a British vessel. The insurgents took possession of the palace and murdered the Queen and all the royal family except the King. Thirteen Ministers of State and other dignitaries were also slaughtered. The massacre is attributed to the ex-Régent Tai In Kun, father or uncle of the King, a violent opponent of foreign intercourse. Japan has taken prompt measures to secure reparation for the murder of her representatives; and will make war if it is refused.

—A special despatch from Pittsburgh says: The water famine which has been prevailing in this city at intervals for some time has at last reached a climax. A number of the most important manufacturing establishments have been compelled to suspend operations, and, besides the apprehensions that are caused from the danger to which the city is exposed from fire and other accidental causes, pestilence menaces us. The flow of water necessary to clear the sewers is stopped and medical men express the gravest apprehensions from that fact. There is no prospect of permanent relief, and though workmen are busy making repairs on the worthless water works machinery and the authorities promise a remedy, the evil grows from bad to worse.

—A shell fired by the Egyptians is said by an official report to have passed a few feet over Sir Garnet Wolseley's head and then taken off the leg of a horse only ten yards behind him. A stickler for accuracy has been clapping over the story. Allowing that the head of the General on horseback was nine feet from the ground, that the shell passed three feet higher, and that the horse's leg was ten feet in a flight of thirty feet. Calculating the speed of the shell from these data, it will be found that it required five-eighths of a second to travel thirty feet, a velocity insufficient to take off the horse's leg.

—President Welch, of the Iowa State Agricultural College, left his home last week on his way to Europe, where he goes by appointment of the United States Government to examine into and report upon the agricultural and industrial schools of the various countries. He will be gone until next March, and will visit all the leading schools in Great Britain, Germany, Italy and France. Mrs. Welch will remain at her post, at the head of the Experimental Kitchen at the Iowa College, until the end of the academic year in November, when she will visit the South Kensington Cooking School, London, and return home with her husband next spring.

—A prominent railroad manager is credited with the following: "I predict that every passenger locomotive will soon carry a pilot. I don't know where it will be—whether on the cab or in front of the cab over the boiler, or in front of the boiler over what we now call the pilot and you call the cowcatcher—but he will be carried on every locomotive that carries trains at a high rate of speed and he will watch the signals, switches, bridges, highways and junctions, and do nothing else, while the engineer runs his engine."

—William Shaud, a shoemaker of Ashland, while suffering from delirium tremens, committed suicide by beating his brains out with a stone.

NEWS ITEMS.

—Children in Austria will hereafter be obliged to attend school for eight years.

—Senator David Davis is said to be about to marry a Fayetteville, N. C., belle.

—The date of the coronation of the Czar of Russia has been again postponed.

—Ex-Governor Morgan entertained President Arthur at his summer residence in Newport, last week.

—It is asserted that nearly every American author sends his book to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—The Knights of Labor have raised \$50,000 for the purpose of establishing a co-operative pottery at Pittsburgh.

—Dr. Schliemann has had to relinquish his investigations at Hissarlik in consequence of interference from the Turkish authorities.

—Henry Messersmith, employed in a saw mill at Williamsport, was instantly killed by a piece of slab being thrown from a saw and passing through his body.

—Howard Johns, aged 14 years, while playing with some companions at his home in Shamokin on Tuesday, fatally shot himself in the head with a pistol he was handling.

—Eva Briggs, a Lawrence girl, who was claimed to have been relieved of hip disease recently by the faith-cure at Old Orchard, has been taken to an insane asylum, crazed by her religious excitement.

—Madame de Remusat, granddaughter of General Lafayette, and widow of the academician and statesman who was Thier's friend and Minister of Foreign Affairs, has just died at the age of seventy-five.

—George Poutty, a man of Bellefontaine, Ohio, who two months ago shot himself in the brain, has entirely recovered, and is following his usual vocation. The ball is embedded four inches in the gray brain matter.

—A despatch from Warsaw states that a renewal of the outrages against the Jews is reported from the interior of Poland. The attitude of the officials is said to be shamefully favorable to the continuance of the attacks.

—Clarence B. Galton, who has been in the employ of the Pittsburgh post office for fourteen years, has been committed to prison to answer for robbing the mails. He is supposed to have robbed the government of several thousand dollars.

—Charles H. Whitmore, a shoemaker, of Jamestown, N. J., insured his life for \$2,000. Then his wife made a desperate effort to poison him with arsenic, so that she might secure the money. Failed in this she eloped with another man.

—J. M. Orman, aged 23 years, a brakeman, while standing on a bumper at Duncannon, was caught by a detachment of cars and rolled between the building and the cars until he reached an open door when he fell into the warehouse and died in a short time.

—A young man named Kitley, employed in a Pittsburgh wire mill, was induced by some of his fellow-workmen, as a joke, to go to an electric light to light his pipe. He stepped on a pile of wire, grasped one of the electric wires for support and was instantly killed.

—A Galveston (Texas) despatch says that heavy rains fell until two o'clock Friday afternoon, filling the north and main canals, and inundating the towns of San Antonio and Benfielden, washing away houses, hotels and stores. The loss is heavy. The people fled to the hills.

—At a bull fight in Nimes, France, the visitors, deeming that the beasts displayed a lack of ferocity, protested against the pooriness of the exhibition by hurling their chairs down from the galleries. Finally they set fire to the properties, and committed damages to the amount of \$1,000.

—Twenty Meriden men and their wives have gone on a trip to California together. They have chartered two hotel cars for a month, and are privileged to stop as often as they choose. The Yosemite valley will be visited, and other places of interest on the route. The cost of the trip is estimated at from \$500 to \$800 a couple.

—A son of William Proutly at Des Moines, Iowa, on Tuesday, attempted to hoist his father from a coal mine ninety-two feet deep. He attached a weight to the descending car to act as equalizer. The weight, however, was so great that his father was brought up to the top at a terrific rate of speed and striking against the roof of the shaft shed descending again to the bottom, nearly every bone in his body being broken.

—The Rev. Father Costa, the Italian pastor of the Roman Catholic church at Galesburg, has excited his Irish congregation by attacking the local lodge of Hibernians. Six members of the order were pall bearers at a companion's funeral, and after they had carried the coffin into the church and taken their seats the priest refused to celebrate mass until they had retired, which they did very angrily. The Bishop being referred to by both sides, upholds the priest.

—A DOG THAT FOOLED WITH A HORSE.—A singular and novel fight occurred at a barn on Madison street in this city last evening. In the barn in question is at present being stable a fine stallion. The owner of the horse also has a large bulldog. The horse and dog have never seemed to be good friends, and last evening the dog got in the stall occupied by the horse, and a furious fight ensued between the two. The dog sprang at the horse with a savage determination to annihilate him. The surprised stallion managed to shake the brute off and give him several animated kicks. But the dog continued the row and they fought for nearly an hour so furiously that no one dared to go near them to interfere, and it was only after the persistent dog had been severely punished and badly used that he desisted and limped out of the stable. The horse was not seriously injured, but it is thought that the dog will die from the effects of his wounds.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

WALT WHITMAN'S LEAVES OF GRASS.

—The edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," about which so much has been written on account of the abandonment of its publication by a Boston firm in consequence of Mr. Anthony Comstock's allegations that it contained objectionable passages, has been issued by Rees Welsh & Co., Philadelphia. The book contains so much true poetry, so many passages which stamp their author as a true poet of a high, though certainly not of the highest order, that it is a pity that Mr. Whitman's own good sense has not moved him long ago to cut out the "Children of Adam," words and lines, which add nothing at all to the beauty of his work and which certainly are not structural and vital to it. The author of such a poem as "O Captain, My Captain," does himself injustice and puts himself at a disadvantage not unnecessarily and most cruelly by flying in the face of decent public opinion. Walt Whitman's personality is too sweet and sound and clear to be put by a mere piece of injudiciousness at so great a disadvantage as that under which a few expressions in his poems—wantonly and wilfully kept there against the advice of his best friends—cause him to labor. He will not expunge himself, and therefore he must pay the penalty; but after he is dead they will be blotted out of editions, for lovers of the good man will be sure to do for his fame that which he himself has—we are sure, foolishly refused to do for it.—N. Y. Daily Graphic.

—The six school girls who have been spending their vacation in a 400 miles' tramp through the mountains of North Carolina have reached their homes in safety and are delighted with their experiences. They had no need of man's protection, and laughed at the idea that they ought to have taken a matron with them for respectability's sake. They were hospitably received at farm houses along their route, encountered no snakes, either with or without legs, and have returned without the least repetition of the performance next summer. A local paper mentions with respectful sympathy that the only drawback from the beginning to the end of the trip was the chilblains, which, for a few days only, afflicted Miss Modoc, age seventeen, the youngest of the party.

—A telegram having been received in Philadelphia on Monday from Charles Stewart Parnell, stating that he and his brother and sister desired that the remains of their sister, Miss Fanny Parnell, should rest in this country, it has been decided that the remains shall be transferred from the receiving vault at River View Cemetery, at Trenton, to Boston, to be deposited in the family vault there for the present. The probabilities are that the remains will start from John J. Nolan's residence, 220 Pine street, Philadelphia. The date has not yet been decided on.

—After her dreadful losses of life and money by the yellow fever in 1879, the people of Memphis pluckily faced the situation, built a system of sewers, and determined to keep their city clean. The sewer was constructed, and the reward has been abundant. To-day Memphis is one of the most prosperous cities of the South, and every prospect for the future is encouraging. Aside from the direct value of an efficient drainage system, the courage and energy which its construction required and stimulated have worked like a leaven in other directions.

—A woman was bitten by a dog in Paris. She went at once and had the wound cauterized at the Hotel Dieu. She continued perfectly well until one day, when she was passing the hospital, she was recognized by one of the students, who called out to her, "Hullo! you are not dead yet then!" The dog which bit you was downright mad, as they found out afterward." The woman was seized immediately with a violent spasm, and in a few hours died with symptoms of hydrophobia.

—The annual wheat crop of Minnesota is glorified in the four quarters of the globe while the hay crop stays quietly at home and is seldom even thought of by the outside world. Yet its value this year is reckoned at nearly \$20,000,000. The crop is estimated at 1,500,000 tons of dry hay and 200,000 tons of cultivated.

—A Cairo clergyman, who told his congregation from the pulpit, a week ago, that only tipplers and drunkards were sun-struck, was prostrated on the street the very next day, and now he hardly knows how to get out of his fix.

—It is declared that some of the numerous runaways at Long Branch are intentional, the articles looking for their horses go in order to be "talked about," but we do not believe this. The probability is that the horses really and truly do their best to get away from the dog carts and other English abominations to which they are hatched.

—A contemporary tells a yarn about a setter dog which trotted up to a small boy and dropped from its mouth into the boy's hand a new jackknife, which the dog had just found. This, however, is no circumstance to the Philadelphia dog which trotted up to a boy and dropped of his feet a tin can and a piece of string.

—Bishop Wigger has issued a circular letter directing that hereafter no Sister connected with any community in the Diocese of Newark be permitted by her Superior to play in a parochial church on any occasion, or to take part in an evening entertainment, even though it be given by school children.

—New Orleans claims to lead in rose growing. There may be seen in that city a Lamarque rose vine with a stem eight inches thick. In some private gardens are 100 varieties. The favorite rose is the Gold of Ophir. It is small, of very pale pink, shading toward the heart into deep rich gold color, while faint streaks of crimson touch the outer petals.

—The swimming contest at Boston on Wednesday last, for \$1,000 and the championship of the world, between the English champion, Capt. Matthew Webb, and Thomas Riley, the champion short distance swimmer of America, was won by Capt. Webb. He made the distance (2 miles) in 1 hour 4 minutes and 50 seconds, and Riley in 1 hour 5 minutes and 10 seconds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Turgeneff, the Russian novelist, is a confirmed invalid, and suffers continual and excruciating tortments. A letter written by him at his country place at Bougival, near Paris, has been published, in which he says: "No physician can tell me how long my ailments are likely to endure. I cannot walk or even stand for more than five minutes at a time, and even then must have a mechanical support affixed to my left leg. An unmitigated toothache and tearing neuralgia pains in my right shoulder blade torture me, and they usually become so severe at night that I am forced to seek relief in hypodermic injections of morphia."

A drunken Florida man was killed, while lying in a swamp, by a swarm of mosquitoes alighting upon him and "draining out his life-blood." But a funny thing happened to the mosquitoes a few minutes afterward. They began to howl and dance and call each other congressmen and other opprobrious epithets, and passed river and harbor bills, and finally formed a ring and engaged in a disgraceful prize fight, and sang "We won't go home (hic) till morning!" It is supposed that eighty per cent of their victim's blood was whiskey.

"Rough on Rats." Cleans out rats, mice, and other vermin, bedbugs, slugs, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Drug-gists.

"How much?" said an English judge, at the close of a recent trial of a breach-of-promissae case. "This is the shortest charge to a jury on record."

"Good Words from Druggists." "Malt Bitters are the best 'bitters.'" "They promote sleep and allay nervousness."

"Best Liver and Kidney medicine we sell."

"They knock the 'Chills' every time."

"Consumptive people gain flesh on them."

"Malt Bitters have no rivals in this town."

"Best thing for nursing mothers we have."

"We like to recommend Malt Bitters."

Six hundred Iowa druggists have agreed, in the view of the danger of selling alcoholic drinks, not to fill physicians' prescriptions for wine, and the like.

Try the Girard Ready Mixed Paint, all shades, at Douglas' Pharmacy, Dorrance street.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, and wholesomeness. No commercial value in the ordinary kind, and cannot be cheaply imitated with the multitude of low price, short weight, adulterated or impure brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

CATARRH ELY'S Cream Balm

It cures Catarrh of the Head, Throat, Lungs, Bladder, etc.

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